



SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

VOL. 15.

MARCH, 1866.

NO. 3.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.

Though this engraving is not as good as younger engravers might do, it is a marvellous thing that one so old should be able to do so well.

For The Child's Paper.
SUSIE.

"Mamma," cried a little girl, running into her mother's room all in a breeze, "mamma!" Her mother was busy at the table writing. She waved her hand as much as to say, "Not now, my little one." Susie did not mind. "Mamma," she said, "I want—"

"I am busy; don't interrupt me," said her mother.

"But, mamma, I want—" How wrong for a little girl to *insist* upon interrupting her mother in this way. Interrupting is always rude. No well-behaved child, I think, will do it. "Not now, Susie, I cannot stop," said her mother again.

"I think you *might* hear," cried Susie fretfully.

"This letter, my child, must go by the next mail. I have not a moment to spare. Go away now, and come back in a quarter of an hour." "But you *have* stopped," said Susie pouting. "Go, Susie; you must learn to obey," said her mother gently, but firmly.

Susie left; but she left stamping with her feet, and looking very cross. She ran into the next room, and opening a closet door, shut herself in. "I will stay here and freeze in this dark, cold closet," said Susie, "just to plague my mother. I guess she'll feel bad enough when she hunts round

and finds me dead." But it was not a very nice place to stay in. She soon became tired of pouting there all by herself, and concluded not to freeze to death this time. She went down to her dolls; but neither Chloe or Victoria gave her any pleasure; neither did "The Kittens with their Mittens," a new book which uncle John gave her. "I do n't know what I *do* want," cried Susie. She felt sad and unhappy. Was it any wonder? A child who stamps and pouts and feels very cross because she cannot have her own way directly, is laying up for herself a great deal of unhappiness. "Oh dear, dear," sighed Susie, "I want, and I don't want."

I will tell you what Susie *needed*. To have Jesus touch her heart and make it sorry; to kneel down and beg him to help her love and obey, and make her his own dear child; and then to run and throw herself into her dear mother's arms, and tell her how sorry she is for her naughty, sinful ways, and how she wants to begin and be like Jesus. That is what Susie truly needs; and that is what a great many other dear children need to make them good and happy children.

For The Child's Paper.

How the little boys and girls rejoice when they hear their father say, "I think we shall have snow." They are out to catch sight of the first flakes that fall. When warm in their beds they lie, and listen to the wind as it whistles round the chimney and under the eaves, shaking the house and rattling the window-panes, they think of snow men and snowballing, coasting down hill, jingling bells, and every thing that is merry.

But a snow-storm is not so pleasant a thing for everybody. The poor, who have no warm clothing, nor bright fires, nor tight dwellings to keep out the bitter wind, nor bread enough to eat, shiver with dread when the winter comes blustering around them.

The poor soldiers in our late war who were out on picket in the fierce winter nights, can tell you that a snow-storm was a serious thing for them. When the wind blew the snow and hail sharply in their faces, and they shivered at their posts, patiently waiting until the time came round for them to be relieved, their thoughts turned towards their

homes and cheerful firesides, where their parents and brothers and sisters, or wives and children, were gathered around the warm fire, hoping they were warm and comfortable in their peaceful home.

Soldiers who go out in the extreme advance of an army, on picket duty, take their rations with them, and prepare their own meals. Here is a party engaged in cooking their dinner in a winter storm, while their comrades are facing the driving snow on their posts of duty.

This picture will interest our little readers the more when they are told that it was engraved by Mr. Anderson of New York, or as he is familiarly known, "Dr. Anderson," who began to engrave on wood over sixty years ago, and has followed the business up to the present time, when he is *more than ninety years old*. He was the first, and for a long time the only wood engraver in this country. Self-taught, he attained a very fair rank as an engraver, and by living a temperate life and walking uprightly in all his ways, he has attained to this great age, and still enjoys good health and the use of all his faculties.



For The Child's Paper.

NOT AFRAID.

Little Lilly was put into her trundle-bed, nicely tucked in, and left to pleasant dreams and sweet sleep; but soon loud cries came from the little chamber, and mamma ran to see what the trouble was.

"Mamma, I'm afraid," sobbed the little one; "I'm afraid some one will come and carry me off."

"When Lilly prayed to-night, did she ask God to take care of her, and not let any evil happen to her?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma; but may I now?" "Yes, my child." Then Lilly kneeled down beside her little bed, and asked God to take care of her, and not let any bad thing happen to her; and when she lay down again, she looked up with a happy face, and said, "I am not afraid now, mamma, for God will take care of me."

A few days after, nurse put Lilly to bed, and her prayer was forgotten; but in a few minutes she thought of it, and called loudly for mamma to come. Her mamma fearing she might take cold, told her she might pray in bed; but Lilly would not be satisfied until she had been taken up, and had kneeled down to ask God to bless her.

One day Lilly's little sister Caddie was very sick, and not able to pray when she was put to bed. When Lilly saw this, she cried, and told her auntie she was afraid Caddie would die, because she had not asked God to keep her. Her auntie explained that Caddie was too sick to make her little prayer, and said, "Would you like to ask Him for her?"

Lilly sprang up in a moment, kneeled down, and prayed, "Please God, take care of little sister Caddie, and make her all well." Then the dear child lay down, feeling that the Saviour's arms were round about her and her little sister, protecting and caring for them.

P. F.



For The Child's Paper.

"POOR ALBERT," the neighbors said.

"Poor Allie," the boys said.

"Poor dear Allie," said little Susy.

What was the matter with Allie? He has lost his mother. His father died when he was four years old. Did he have no father then? God was his father. God says he is a *Father to the fatherless*. I hope every little boy or girl whose father is dead will remember this. God is their Father. He loves them; he provides for them; and he wants them to come and tell him all their little griefs.

When Allie was ten, his mother died. That almost broke his heart. Poor Allie is now an orphan. A kind neighbor took the little boy home. One day they paid a visit to his mother's grave. Allie fell on his knees in the green grass, and folding his hands, prayed, "O Lord, help me, I pray, never, never to forget my dear mother's instructions. Help me remember to be a good boy always, and love God and fear him."

That was this little orphan's prayer.

For The Child's Paper.

PIGS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

One of the earliest missionaries who went to the South Sea islands carried a few pigs to the islanders.

On a subsequent visit he was explaining to them the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the gospel to heathen countries.

Having heard the story, they were greatly distressed because they had no money to send for the same cause. "But you have something with which to buy money, if you have not the money itself," said the missionary.

"But what, what have we?" they inquired with intense eagerness.

"The pigs that I brought to you on my first visit are now many; you all have an abundance. If every family will set apart one pig until the time when a ship arrives, and sell it for money, you will raise a valuable contribution."

The South Sea islanders were extremely delighted on hearing that they could thus buy money; and the next morning, from one end of the settlement to the other, was heard a tremendous squealing of pigs. The pig out of every pen was receiving a mark in its ear which should indicate its destiny.

By and by a ship arrived. The pigs were taken down to it. The captain purchased them, and paid for them honorably.

The native treasurer carried to the missionary *five hundred and fifteen dollars*, as the result of the sale. It was the *first* money that the natives had received, and every farthing of it was devoted to the cause of Christ.

J. P.

For The Child's Paper.

MILLY AND MERCY.

Prudy, our black washerwoman, had two little grandchildren. They were twins, and they were six years old. One was called Milly and the other Mercy. Prudy moved into a bigger room a good many streets from where she used to live. When she left in the morning to wash at a gentleman's house, "Children," she said, "don't leave this kitchen while I am gone till we get more acquainted round here; and I'll tell you what to do, children." "What, mammy?" they both asked. "Mercy may take care of Milly, and Milly may take care of Mercy," said Prudy. "We will, we will," cried the little girls, hugging their arms around each other's neck. "I will take care of Milly," said Mercy, and "I will take care of Mercy," said Milly.

At noon Prudy came home, her old fingers crumpled with hot water; but what did she care, since she found her little grandchildren good and happy.

The next day old Prudy said, when she went to her washing, "Children, don't leave this yard while I am gone till we get more acquainted round here; and you may do to-day what you did yesterday."

"I will take care of Mercy," said Milly; "and I will take care of Milly," said Mercy; and very nice work it is for two little sisters. You see they had more room than yesterday. In the yard, a grey kitten paid them a visit.

Now the yard had a gate with a great wooden latch. "I will go outside the gate," said Milly. "Then you will have nobody to take care of you, Milly," said Mercy. "I will take care of myself," said Milly. "I shall have nobody to take care of me," said Mercy. Milly did not mind Mercy's little sorry voice. She lifted up the great wooden latch, and went out where she was not acquainted. Mercy went back to the kitchen. Grey kitty followed her with her tail up in the air. She sat down and crossed her arms on the window-sill, and laid her head on her crossed arms, and fell asleep. The grey kitten jumped on the window-sill, and purred herself to sleep beside Mercy; and the beautiful sunshine came around into the window, and shone sweetly on Mercy and the grey kitten.

Prudy came home, and there they were. "Has Milly turned into a grey kitten?" asked old Prudy laughing.

Pretty soon there was a great stir in the yard. Prudy looked out of the door and saw a man with Milly in his arms. A horse had knocked her down, and she was almost dead. "Oh!" groaned old Prudy; "and it's all because she didn't mind the Lord's word, which says, Children, obey your parents in *all things*, for it is right."

For The Child's Paper.

THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN, OR WHAT PERSEVERANCE DID.

What is india-rubber? It is sap from a tree growing in hot countries. It is of a pale, yellow color, and thickens by coming to the air. Our fathers used it only to rub out pencil-marks, and thought it good for nothing else. In 1820, some clumsy looking india-rubber shoes were brought to Boston from South America, made by the Indians. They were run in clay moulds, and dried in smoke.

If Indians could make shoes of it, why not we, and much handsomer ones? So an enterprising Boston man thought; and it was no sooner thought than done. He mixed the india-rubber gum with turpentine, and invented a machine for spreading it on cloth, which was dried in the sun. It was the first piece of india-rubber cloth; and what a wonder it was. Being water-tight, caps, coats, shoes, wagon-covers were made of it, and found a ready market. A great many people in and around Boston went into the business, and in a short time two millions of dollars were invested in it. But alas, when the hot weather came on, the shoes melted, the coats stuck together, and back came the new goods by cart-loads to the disappointed manufacturers. So the cloth and the company failed, and a great failure it was.

One day a young man went into a store in New York to see some of the new goods. As he showed an ingenious and inquiring mind, the agents told him their difficulty. They would give any thing to know the secret of making india-rubber stand summer heat. The young man, Charles Goodyear, was directly interested. He had failed in business in Philadelphia, and was very poor. On his way home his head was full of thoughts. He believed india-rubber could be put to great use, and he believed moreover he could do it. Renting a small house, he bought some gum, boiled, baked, kneaded, rolled it in sheets, and tried his hand at shoes. As before, hot weather turned them into a lump of paste; and he saw something must be found which, mixed with it, would prevent summer softening and winter hardening it. What was that something?

He tried every thing he could think of. Mr. Goodyear then moved to New York. One friend lent him a room, another gave him tools, and there he worked month after month, so poor that his little family often had not a morsel of bread to eat, and what was worse, no money to buy any. From time to time friends gave or lent him means to live; but most people thought him *india-rubber mad*. A gentleman once asking for Mr. Goodyear, "If you see a man," was the answer, "with an india-rubber coat on, india-rubber shoes, india-rubber cap, and in his pocket an india-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is he?"

In the fall of 1836, carpet-bag in hand, filled with choice samples of his work, he went to Boston. Though everybody there was sick of the very word, Mr. Goodyear succeeded in interesting a few gentlemen in his experiments, for he thought he had found the secret. Renting one of the old india-rubber factories, he went to work, and with so much success, that government sent him an order for one hundred and fifty india-rubber mail-bags. When they were finished, he hung them round his shop, and asked people in to see his beautiful waterproof bags. Were they not a success? Had he not reached the object of his wishes?

Mr. Goodyear went out of town for a month. On coming back he found them all dropping from their handles, soft, sticky, and good for nothing. Four years of patient, indefatigable labor, and nothing but disappointment. Friends who had helped him and hoped against hope, now shut their hearts and pockets against him.

Poor Mr. Goodyear; was not he discouraged and almost ready to give up? Not he. He had faith in his work, and faith *holds on*. It lifts one above discouragement and despair, and keeps hope and heart alive.

One day as he was poking about in an old india-rubber factory, he found a man drying a piece of india-rubber cloth sprinkled with sulphur, and he

noticed that heat did not melt or even soften it. Was not here a clue to the discovery? Mr. Goodyear stopped and talked with the man, who was quite ready to sell his discovery. Mr. Goodyear bought it for a small sum, and directly began to work out his new idea. But how much sulphur, how much stirring, how much boiling was necessary to make the new compound, it took many a long and weary year to find out.

He was showing one day a lump of it to a group of gentlemen, who as usual turned a cold shoulder on him. That he was used to. But he kept talking, and in his earnestness brought it against the stove, which was hot enough to sizzle and melt any india-rubber ever seen before. He caught back his hand and looked at the lump. There was not a sticky spot in it. It *could* stand heat.

The poor man was in ecstasy. Nobody that had not worked for just that one thing through five years of poverty and neglect could understand his delight. And now we find him baking a batch of sulphur and india-rubber in his wife's oven, boiling it in her saucepans, roasting it in ashes, toasting it before a slow and before a quick fire, cooking it from one to twenty-five hours. He hung round the great workshops of Woburn, begging the use of their ovens after working hours; and he and his old father and his little son built an oven in one of the yards to carry on his experiments with.

Pretty soon he was sure he had got an article which no heat could melt, nor would it stiffen between blocks of ice in a winter's night. He knew he had triumphed; he was sure of success; and yet, on account of his poverty, it was five years before he established his success to the world, for he had no chance of testing and perfecting his work. He was poorer than ever. The neighbors were kind. One paid his milk bill; another his meat bill; another gave him his wood. One gentleman in Woburn, whom he went to for help through a drifting snow-storm, generously carried his little family through the hard winter of 1840. But it was ten years' hard battling with misfortune, disappointment, and neglect before he began to make people believe in him.

"I *know* I have invented something which will be widely serviceable to man," he said. And he felt himself called of God, as Bezaleel was, to devote himself to that particular invention.

At last there were men ready to give him another try, who furnished means to perfect his experiments; and the result was a new article of commerce, which can be made pliable as kid, tough as ox-hide, elastic as whalebone, and rigid as flint. Five hundred different things are manufactured of it—thumbles, combs, jewelry, dressing-cases, work-boxes, handles, teeth, washing-machines, etc. It is largely used in machinery of all kinds. Indeed we now wonder how the world ever did without it.

How much too has it done for the comfort of the poor soldier. An india-rubber coat protected him from the storms, an india-rubber blanket from the wet earth. When wounded, he was carried on an india-rubber stretcher. An india-rubber bed eased his mangled body. India-rubber lessens the jar of his crutch, and gives an elastic tread to his wooden leg. You will find "Goodyear's patent" marked on many things. I see it on a comb beside me.

Goodyear lived long enough to see a new and important branch of industry founded by his patient, painstaking, twenty-seven years' labor. There are now one hundred and fifty factories turning out india-rubber, or "*gutta percha*" goods, which are put to similar uses.

He died in New York in 1860, aged sixty. He died too poor, reaping little reward from that which has made many rich. And so the world is enriched by men who forget themselves in a great work which, by a divine gift, God has commissioned them to do.

H. C. K.

NEI SIMA is a young Japanese. He went to China; and what did he find there? A Bible—a Bible in the Chinese language, translated by Dr. Robert Morrison, whom I told you about in The Child's Paper. He read it, and it interested him very much.

Pretty soon he found a vessel bound to America, and he worked his passage to this country in order to learn more about the true God which the Bible told of. I think he has a real desire to learn, for see this prayer which Nei Sima wrote down:

"O God, if thou have got eyes, please look upon me.

"O God, if thou have got ears, please hear for me.

"I wish heartily to read Bible, and I wish to be civilized with Bible.

Joseph Nei Sima."



For The Child's Paper.

IRISH NELLY.

On my way to church with a friend in the summer, I met a little girl of about seven years walking leisurely along, looking about with childish delight at the objects she passed. A beautiful child she was, with soft brown eyes and hair, delicate features and complexion, and rosy lips. We were so struck with her sweet countenance, that we stopped to ask who she was.

When we inquired her name, she clasped her little hands in a bashful way, and said, "I am Nelly —." My friend with great surprise said, "Are you the child of Patrick —?" "Yes, ma'am," she said; "but I do n't live there, I *stay* with Mrs. —."

After one or two more questions, partly for the sake of seeing another of those sweet smiles, we passed on, and presently met the Irish woman with whom Nelly had gone to "stay." She told us that the child had fled to her for refuge from a miserable home; that her heart had warmed towards this poor little creature, and she said, "Though the times are hard, ma'am, I must keep her."

My friend then related to me the situation in which she had the winter before found Nelly's family. She had heard they were in distress, and went to ascertain the cause and give relief. Among a number of wretched houses that of Patrick — was pointed out. She knocked at the door several times; no one bade her enter; but hearing the voices of children inside, she opened the door, where a scene of wretchedness met her eyes—a bare, comfortless room, with little or no fire, and the shivering children hiding beneath the rags that covered their beds. She soon learned the reason of their not venturing out to open the door; they were almost entirely destitute of clothing. Their mother had gone out for the day, and left these poor little creatures to take care of themselves. This was the home of sweet little Nelly.

The father was a hard-working, steady man; but the mother had made this home and these children so wretched as they were, and herself the saddest sight of all, by *strong drink*.

Little Nelly could not live in such a home as this, and had gone to the kind neighbor and begged to be taken in. Nothing would induce her to go back. Do you wonder that this poor child fled from such an abode of vice and misery to a place where she could be neatly clothed and warmed and fed, and hear kind words instead of cruel ones of abuse?

This mother, so low and debased that her own child shrank from her, this poor, miserable woman had brought this woe upon them all because she had *yielded to a temptation*. It was very small at first; it would have been easy to resist *then*; but *now* the enemy is too strong to be vanquished. Will you remember then, my little friends, that the *first* step in any evil way must not be taken, if you would avoid that death to which each successive step will carry you with fearful rapidity; and also that every temptation, successfully resisted from love to Christ, brings you at last the conqueror's crown?

L. E. R.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A WRONG THOUGHT LED TO.

It was one a king had. The king's name was Ahab. He was rich. He had two grand houses to live in. Close to one of his houses was a beautiful vineyard. Do you know what that is? It is a garden full of grape-vines. King Ahab wished it was his. It was owned by a man whose name was Naboth. The king asked Naboth to sell it to him. Naboth did not want to sell it, for his father gave it to him, and he loved the place, and of course he had a right to keep it.

But the king was angry. The more he thought of it, the more he wanted Naboth's vineyard. Ahab had a great many beautiful things; but people who do not love God are never satisfied; they keep wishing for things, and because they cannot get them, they are unhappy. Ahab went home and would not eat, nor did any thing please him. The queen saw something fretted him, and asked what the matter was. "I wanted to buy Naboth's vineyard, and he would not sell it to me," said Ahab. "Never mind," said his proud and wicked queen, "eat and drink, and I will give you the vineyard."

What did she do? She laid a plan to have Naboth killed; and she carried out her plan. She got people to stone him to death, and the dogs licked up his blood. Then she said to Ahab, "Go and take Naboth's vineyard, for he is dead;" and Ahab went and took it for his garden.

God saw what was done; and do you not think God was displeased? He told Elijah to go to Ahab and tell him that the dogs would one day lick up his blood, and that dogs would one day eat up the body of his wicked queen. Ahab was walking in the vineyard when Elijah met him and told him. He was sorry, not because he had offended God, for he did not love God; he was sorry for the punishment.

Did it come to pass? Yes, for God does what he says he will. All he says must come true. A long while after this Ahab went into battle. He rode in his chariot. A man shot an arrow into the chariot and wounded him. As they were driving him home he died, and the chariot was besmeared with his blood. The servants took it to some water to wash, and the dogs came and licked the blood.

You see what the wrong thought was. It was wishing and fretting for things that he ought not to. That is *coveting*. God says, "Thou shalt not covet." If your mother has something nice put away for use when it is needed, you must not keep thinking and wishing for it. If you do, perhaps you may be tempted to get to it and take it; and you know that would be stealing. If you see some pretty books or nice toys in a shop, and have no money to buy them, you should not go on wishing for them. If you see nice peaches, or cherries, or pears which are not yours, do not go and look at them and wish for them; but turn away and think of something else. We should pray God to take away from us all thoughts of what is forbidden, and "lead us not into temptation."



GOING TO SLEEP.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep
With thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent, and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who through the darkness of the night
For safety trusts to thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

And when at night they come to sing,
By thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus mayest thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to thee are one,
The helpless are thy care;
And for the sake of thy dear Son
Thou hearest an infant's prayer.

For The Child's Paper.
EARLY TO BED.

What were the little girls talking about?
About going to bed. One said she went to bed
at eight; another at half-past eight; another at
nine. Mary Davis, a poor puny child, said *she*
did not go to bed till *ten*, and she said it as if
it was something to be quite proud of. Per-
haps she thought it made a young lady of her,
as some foolish little boys think smoking will
make men of them.

"Fanny," they asked, "what time do you go
to bed?" "I go at seven," answered Fanny.

"Go to bed at seven!" they all cried, pointing
their fingers at her. "Before I'd go to bed at
seven!" "Go to bed at seven!" cried Mary
Davis, tossing back her head.

Do you not suppose they hurt Fanny's feelings?
Indeed they did. Fanny never knew before that
going to bed at seven was any thing to be ashamed
of. She thought going to bed early was proper for
little children. Her mother said so; and was not
her mother right? I think so.

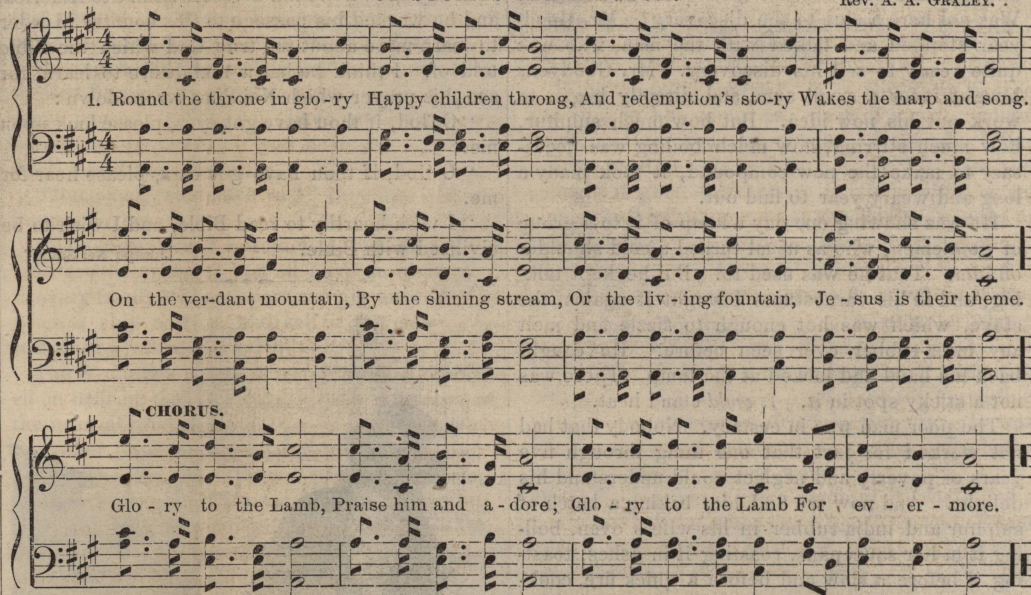
"You must tell the little girls," said her mother,
"that you want to catch all you can of God's beau-
tiful sleep in the best time of it, and that is when
he first draws the curtains of the sky. The little
birds know, and they go to bed early. They never
ask to sit up."

Going to bed early makes children healthy. It
makes them strong. It gives them bright eyes
and red cheeks. It makes them cheerful, and keeps
the temper sweet. God gives to nobody such
sweet, sound sleep as he gives to the children.
How many grown-up people wish they could sleep
as sweetly as a child. How many envy a child's
sleep. How many would be glad to buy, or bor-
row, or steal it; but they cannot. Nobody can
have a child's sweet sleep but a child. Therefore
how foolish it is for children to try to keep awake,
or to want to sit up late. They are throwing away
one of God's best gifts to childhood.

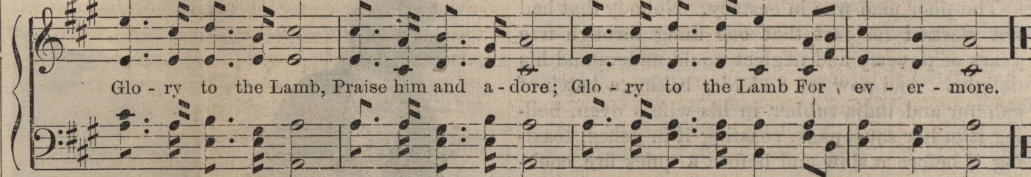
FROM HAPPY VOICES.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.



CHORUS.



2. Robes of snowy whiteness,

Beautiful and rare;
Crowns of radiant brightness,
Such those children wear:
Safe from death's bereavement,
Sorrow and the grave,
Free from sin's enslavement,
Vict'ry's palm they wave.—CHO.

3. Now the skilful fingers

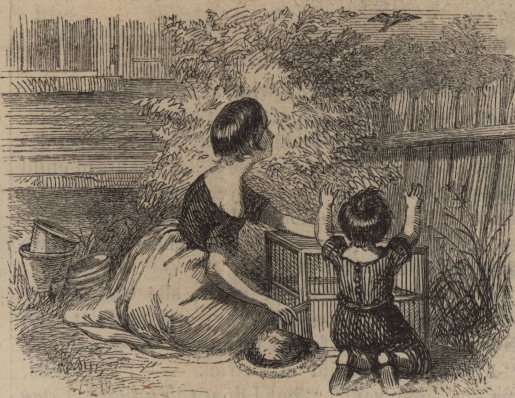
Sweep the golden lyre;
Not a harper lingers
In that ransomed choir;
Voices sweetly blending
With the tuneful string,
To the throne ascending,
Praise the heav'nly King.—CHO.

4. Children now sojourning

In a world of sin,
From your follies turning,
Strive to enter in:
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine;
And 'mid heaven's attractions
You shall sing and shine.—CHO.

** From "HAPPY VOICES," by the American Tract Society, believed to be the very best collection of Hymns and Tunes for Home and Sabbath-schools. Price by the quantity, 30 cents, or 35 cents in boards.

Little feet, little bodies, little eyes are tired
enough to go to bed early. Then little eyes wake
bright and early; little feet jump up bright and
early; and little bodies are happy as the early bird
singing on the plum-tree.



For The Child's Paper.

ARTHUR had a robin given him. A boy caught it
in the woods. Arthur put it in a cage, and it was
the most unhappy little robin you ever saw. It
beat itself against the bars of the cage trying to
get out. It had no heart to sing or to eat. It
pined for its home in the woods.

"Arthur," said Esther, "should you like to be
caught by a giant, put into a prison, and kept?"
"No," cried Arthur, "I should not."

"Then you should not do what you would not
like others to do by you, little brother," said
Esther. "You must open poor robin's prison door,
and let it fly home to its father and mother and
mates." "Oh, I can't part with my robin," said
Arthur. He thought the matter over, and to tell
the truth, he did not like to be acting the part of a
cruel giant, putting helpless little creatures in
prison for his own pleasure; so Arthur said to
Esther, "We will go and let robin out." They
went and opened the cage door, and Arthur felt
almost as happy as robin when he saw it fly away
home, singing the sweet song of liberty.

Canary birds which are born and have always
lived in a cage, are happy in a cage, and it is right
to keep them, only take good care of them. If we
let our canary out in the room, it pretty soon flies
back to the door of the cage and hops in; and it
hops from perch to perch all day long, pecking

every now and then a seed, and sipping every now
and then a drop of water, and singing every now
and then a sweet song of praise. It is happy as a
bird can be, and so contented, whether it rains or
shines, that it makes us all happy and contented
too.

"CAUSE me to hear thy loving kindness in the
morning, for in thee do I trust; cause me to know
the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my
soul unto thee." Psa. 143: 8.

THE field is the world; the good seed are the
children of the kingdom; but the tares are the
children of the wicked one. Matt. 13: 38.

I'll try to bear some fruit that's good
Before the summer's past,
Lest, like a worthless weed, I should
Be rooted out at last.

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